the success would mean so much, I shall wait for the plan you are to send me.

£lst, Pont-de-Briques:

(To Josephine.) Madam and dear wife: It is now four days since I left you. I have spent them in the saddle and otherwise active, without any ill effect on my health.

The wind freshened to-night, and one of our gunboats dragged its anchor and struck on the rocks about one league from Boulogne; I thought all would be lost, the ship and the crew, but we were able to save them. The sight was a grand one; alarm guns were being fired; the shore seemed to blaze with fire; the sea roared furiously; all through the night we anxiously awaited the destruction or the safety of the unhappy men. My soul was in communion with Eternity, the Ocean, and Night! At five in the morning the weather cleared; all were saved; and I went to bed under the impression of a romantic and epic dream; a state that might have suggested to me my own solitude, were it not that fatigue and my soaked condition had left me with no other desire than sleep.

27th. Yesterday I reviewed the whole flotilla. Compared with that of England, our situation is most favourable. The war has no ill effect on France, because of its weighing so heavily on England, and I have here around me 120,000 men, and 3000 cutters and gunboats, that only await a favourable breeze to carry the Imperial eagle to the Tower of London. Time and Fate alone can tell what will come of it all.

30th. Order for the return to England of Lord Tweed-dale, an English prisoner at Verdun, as a tribute to the talents and character of Mr. Fox.